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THE
PRIEST in RHYME:

A
DOGGRELL VERSIFICATION

OF

KIDGELL's Narrative,

RELATIVE TO THE

ESSAY on WOMAN.

BY

A MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,

A FRIEND to Mr. WILKES, and to LIBERTY.

Why should a Reverend Priest submit to fawn?

POPE has answered,

A Saint in Crape, is twice a Saint in Lawn.

— *Neque enim Lex aequalis ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

And Sold by Mr. GRETTON, in Bond-Street, and Mr. POTTINGHAM, in

»Pater-Noster-Row.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

THE PLAIN TRUTH: Being a Genuine Narrative of the Methods made Use of to procure a Copy of the Essay on WOMAN. With several Extracts from the Work itself, given as a Specimen of its astonishing Impurity. By THOMAS FARMER, Printer, into whose Hands the Original Copy accidentally fell. Printed for the Author, and sold by I. POTTINGER, in Paternoster-Row, and J. SEYMOUR in Threadneedle-Street.

The Public are earnestly desired to pay a proper Regard to the Contents of this Pamphlet, by which the strange Methods made use of to procure the Essay on Woman, will plainly appear from under Quarter the Orders for the Search team.



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TO
England's violated LAWS,

(Say, can there be a better Cause ?)

And to her LIBERTY, abused,

(Lord help us! How poor *Wilkes* was used !)

And to RELIGION, this I dish up,

(Who knows but I may be a BISHOP ?)

Dear NARRATIVE authentic go

(Like DYING SPEECH of Parson *Roe*)

INSCRIB'D,

(As all the World may see)

Domini Anno Sixty-Three.

And to the LIBERTY of the

And to the RIGHT of the

And to the RIGHT of the

And to the RIGHT of the



6
Enter Author (*reading the Title Page of Kidgell's Narrative.*)

BLESS me! as sure as e'er I live,

A parson's bawdy 'Narrative'

'Genuine --- succinct --- obscene --- profane,

And scandalous!' --- that's good again;

Cramm'd full of 'Blasphemy atrocious,'

Why what the Devil will he broach us?

If I don't tell you'll learn from no man,

'The Libel's call'd --- ESSAY ON WOMAN,

'And other Pieces, near as bad!'

Lord help his Rev'ence! --- why he's mad;

'Submitted to the public Candor,'

Was ever such a sweet-tongued pander?

'I KIDGELL, *Artium Magister*,

'For *Wilkes's* back have spread this blister;

'Of *Horne* in *Surry* am I Rector,

'And preach the *Berkley-Chapel* Lecture;

'And, as you see me, stiff and starch,

'Am Chaplain to the Earl of *March*.

'Believe me, gentry, here's no juggling,

'My Master's other title's *Ruglen*.'

B

The

The Motto now --- nay do not flirt us,
 Runs thus, --- '*In Vitium Libertas*
 '*Incidit et vim dignam LEGE*
 '*(And so we close with little) regi.*'
 I think they say old *Horace* wrote it,
Kidgell and I were born to quote it ;
 ' Now that you shall not say I did y' Ill,
 ' I sign each Copy with --- J. KIDGELL.

' And to make sure we do not bilk ye,
 ' Sold by *James Robson* and *John Wilkie*;
 ' *Robson* sells books t' her Royal Highness,
 ' And binds them too, with wond'rous fineness;
 ' All *Bond-Street* has of *Robson* heard,
 ' And *Wilkie* dwells in *Paul's Church-Yard*.
 ' So humbly *Billy Faden* picks pence,
 ' The Price is fixt at only *Sixpence*.'

11:7:49

SUCCINCT

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SUCCINCT and GENUINE
(There's no better) A
NARRATIVE,
(in the World)

&c.

PERsuaded of the great utility
(Nor doubting of my own ability)

Of every social virtue, and

How much we should obey command ;

I am constrain'd to beg attention,

To what I am about to mention ;

And do not doubt but to receive

Such thanks as GOOD MEN ever give.

Near the beginning of last July

(Believe me, Sirs, I tell you truly)

At the house of Mr. William Faden,

(With *prudence* not much over-laden),

C

He

He shewed me of a book a part,
 (Which tickled me e'en toth' heart,
 Printers do not do so in common)
 The work was call'd, ESSAY ON WOMAN:
 Which ---- I'm particular my charge in,
 Had some corrections in the margin.
 This freely to me did he give,
 And I as freely did receive :
 I knew not truly his design,
 But all the world may guess at mine.

As the said sheet contain'd a specimen
 Of dreadful --- you know what to guess I mean ---
 That e'er disgrac'd (in Satan's cause)
 Our faith, our language, or our laws ;
 It rais'd at once my curiosity,
 And banish'd all my scrupulosity.

FADEN, who thought it right in me,
 Declared that — *accidentally*,
 Which in Italic we have printed,
 Left other methods might be hinted,

That

That *accidentally*, I declare it ye,
 Led by it's wond'rous singularity,
 One servant brought it from without,
 Had shewn it to the rest about ;
 And thus, in common course, d'ye see,
 It came, kind Sir, at last to me.
 As *Faden* I believe inclin'd,
 (With whom for many years I've din'd)
 From his sincere abhorrence of it,
 To turn it to his private profit ;
 I, grateful to the man who fed me,
 And as my own opinion led me,
 To stop it's influence and success;
 And by increasing make it less,
 Propos'd to give a public feast,
 By *Faden's* daily paper drest,
 Such as ne'er *warm'd the town* in winter,
 (Oh modest Priest! oh modest Printer!)

This matter being then agreed to,
 Our future conversation led to

This

The speediest methods to obtain,
 By art, ---- or promises of gain,
 Of this same Libel the remainder,
 And, by these means, at length we gain'd her ;
 And, that we might proceed the faster,
 We brib'd the man to rob his master.

The fragment, I believe, and hope,
 Or in its tendency or scope,
 Since *Moses* first began to tune a verse,
 Had not its equal in the universe.

But, spite of our 'forefaid dexterity,
 Which had been form'd in my temerity,
 I now considered 'twou'd be better
 To drop the plan of daily letter,
 And doubting too my own capacity,
 To hold the reins with due vivacity,
 Of such an argument uncouth,
 I stopp'd my pen though something loth.

It now my fixt resolve became
 To advise with one of NOBLE NAME,

Whose

Whose wond'rous candour and benevolence,
 I mention with the utmost reverence ;
 Whose servant I have been, and chaplain,
 E'er since with Scripture I've been grappling,

My Lord, (believe me, 'tis no joke)
 Who never word immodest spoke,
 Was much offended at the specimen,
 Protested, I was born to bless men ;
 And said, he'd give his best assistance,
 And 'gainst such works make due resistance ;
 Declar'd, it pass'd not with impunity,
 And left me till fit opportunity.

Soon after this same conversation,
 I got his Lordship's invitation,
 Dispatch'd express to me in *Surry*,
 To wait upon him in a hurry ;
 For now he bid me understand,
 That half the great ones in the land,
 Had enter'd into strict society,
 To punish such obscene impiety ;

D

And

And swore upon the Holy Bible,
Much to resent so base a Libel.

But as these matters are in hand,
The Public must not understand
Who is in fact the real writer,
Untill the Law has squeez'd him tighter;

Though, for my honour's vindication,
I now declare to all the Nation,
As decently as I can do it,
The works of this most filthy Poet.

A parody this Piece obscene is
On *Pope's Essay*, but not so clean is;
'Tis printed almost line for line,
In letters red, on paper fine.

On copper curiously engrav'd,
The Title of the Work I've sav'd;
As I'm a lawful, good, and true man,
An ESSAY it is call'd ON WOMAN.
The motto suits most strangely well,
A Work that d-----ns the sex to Hell.

And

And then, by way of decoration,
 Some words of *Grecian* derivation,
 Engrav'd beneath a print, but wrote not,
 (Though *Kidgell* gives 'em, yet I quote not)
 Something beneath the words aforesaid,
 I dare not write. --- What can be more said?
 In which a character's defam'd
 (Which all men wish that *Kidgell* nam'd)
 'Tis added then, with great scurrility,
 Of which I own my inability
 To see the wit, --- In short they foster
 The notes upon my L--- of G-----.
 The Title's follow'd by a line
 Which advertises the *Design*;
 In which all decency they move,
 To pave the way for what we love.
 The passages, throughout the Work,
 Might shame or infidel or *Turk*.
 And next a vile description's brought
 Of Nature's ev'ry lewdest thought;

Beyond

Beyond all precedent, scurrility,
 Reflections on the sex (I tell it ye)
 Insulting, infamous, upbraiding,
 Opprobrious, and most DEGRADING.

The observations of this poet,
 On animals, and how they *do it*,
 Descending to minuteness brutal,
 (As I do in this nice inscrutal)
 Deducts the slender share of praise,
 His powers would else not fail to raise.

And in the notes and variations,
 (I must not give you the quotations)
 The Holy Scriptures are abused,
 And for the grossest ends are used;
 To paint the thoughts (oh reverend Schemer!)
 Of a libidinous blasphemer!

The book, throughout its whole intention,
 Of shocking, wonderful invention,
 Dishonours Gospel truths, to show
 How far impurity can go.

The

The noble words of good St. Paul,
O Death, where is thy sting! they call
 A phrase impure; --- and this you see,
O Grave, where is thy victory!
 Is brought, by meanest implication,
 To bear a vile signification;
 Which hellish angels would rejoice at,
 And raise, with horrid joy their voice at.

One more of his Elucidations,
 (God save us all from such quotations)
 Tells us how wise the ass was once,
 But that he's now become a dunce.

To crown these efforts of obscenity,
 (No one but me would ever pen it t'ye)

The *Universal Prayer's* made
 For vilest purposes to plead;
 And e'en the good old Adrian pious,
 I wish for rhyme's sake he were nigh us,
 (The lover to his dead *pudenda*)
 I've done ***** , *hiatus nunc deslenda.*

To try as he is fully bent
 The lenity of government,
 The public candor too to try,
 And G---'s own mercy to defy,
 This author, with a modest air,
 Has giv'n at length the *Virgin's Prayer*.
 This is th' exertion, quite supreme,
 Of ----'s talents to blaspheme ;
 The holy name of G--- is brought
 To express what's dreadful but in thought ;
 (I own I am not for such war able)
 Impure, astonishing, and horrible.

With this extreme hyperbole
 Of lewdness and impiety,
 Behold an affectation too ---
 Of humour, wit, and fun, and gout,
 (Picture of him whose mind unchaste,
 By Kidgell season'd suits our taste.)

Is there one man so lost to sense
 To aid the cause of impudence ?

If any such (though ne'er intended)

Pray let him speak, for he's offended.

With cautious words of deliberation,
Pray say, for what consideration,
A serious or a good man might
Permit his children but a sight
Of this most villainous Essay?

--- I say, and swear it, that no pay,
Shou'd e'er induce the *Surry* Rector
Of such a scene to be inspector.

Say, could it be, that this same Libel,
Which in this Pamphlet I describe ill,
Should, by an *accident* astonishing,
Descend to me --- to cease admonishing,
In such a case, at such a time,
Such conduct surely were a crime.

Wou'd it not be a shocking matter
To give such rascals leave to chatter,
And not present our piteous cause
To those who guard our lives and laws?

When

When power, human and divine,
In subjects eyes shall cease to shine,
Pray what are bonds of near relation?
Or where's the honour of the nation?
Whither is public Virtue flown?
And where's the man will Justice own?

So much for *Kidgell*,---now for us,
This little matter to discuss,
When *honest* Printers shall agree
To aid the vilest robbery,
When Parsons grave shall print *Plain Truth*,
Determin'd to corrupt our Youth;
When thus from decency we sever,
Farewel dear Liberty for ever!
No nation that the Sun does sit on,
Will be so wretched as Great Britain:
And (grief of griefs!) the Devil will have his will,
When Reverend Priests in bawdry dip their quill.

11:7:49

F I N I S.